OLD WORLD BEAUTIES.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY,

THE LOVELIEST WOMEN IN ENGLAND-A MIS CHIEVOUS IRISHWOMAN-THE CHARMING WOMEN OF FRANCE-ALAS FOR THE PORTUGUESE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Since my arrival in America I have frequently been called upon by persons acquainted with my fifteen years of official residence in the various capitals of the world to state the name of the country which, according to my opinion, was entitled to the palm above all others for the beauties of its women. As these inquiries were invariably addressed to me by fair friends who have been fortunate enough first to see the light of day in this great land of liberty, I have naturally been placed under the obligation of award-Ing the apple to the United States. Not that I found the obligation a very onerous one; for it was but necessary to raise my eyes to cause all hesitation immediately to disappear, at any rate for the time being. The fact is that no one country can put forth any serious claim for the monopoly of feminine beauty, although according to my experience there are two nations in Europe, namely, Switzerland and Portugal, which are entitled to pre-eminence for the gracelessness and homeliness of their women. With these two exceptions, beauty may be said to be of an international character. And since the American nation is composed of an agglomeration of foreign races, the American girl, who, like a butterfly, has had the advantage of culling the ingredients of beauty from the fairest flowers of every land, instead of being restricted to the flora of merely one, has every chance in her favor of winning the stakes for pre-eminent loveliness. The only disadvantage by which she handicapped is the difficulty-so far greater in this democratic community than in Europeof preserving the strain free from the contamination of plebeian blood-imported, of course, for I understand that there is no such article as that of native American production. Blood and pedigree are just as desirable in the case of human beings as they are in that of horses and cattle and feminine beauty is always incomplete and unsatisfactory when unaccompanied by the refinement and high-breeding which ancestry alone can

It is possible that this assertion may give rise to criticism. But striking evidence as to its foundation and truth may be obtained by glancing at the list of the most lovely women of the Old World. With but few isolated exceptions, which merely go to confirm the rule, all the famous beauties of Europe belong to the classes rather than to the masses. What Venus is there of the middle or lower classes, of the stage or of the demi-monde-professionals whose stock in trade consists mainly of their good looks-who can compare either in face or figure to the peerless Hermione, Duchess of Leinster? It is true her beauty is rather that of the chaste and high-bred Diana than that of the more sensuous and plebeian Mother of Cupid, and the daring decolletage of her court and ball dress, which would be intolerable in the case of any other woman, provokes no more sense of impropriety than would the half-draped marble statue of the Virgin Goddess of the Ephesians. Although not brilljant, her intelligence is above the average, and superior to that of her excellent husband, the Premier Duke of Ireland. No breath of scandal has ever tarnished even for a moment the lustre of her fame, and her apparently complete lack of consciousness of her beauty, her devotion to her home, her husband, and to her child, have endeared her to her sovereign and to society alike. Almost equally beautiful are Lord Feversham's other two daughters, the Ladies Cyathia and Helen Duncombe. The latter is about to be married to Sir Edgar Vincent, one of the most handsome and fortunate young men of the day, who, after spending several years in Egypt as the de facto Prime Minister of the Khedive, has now, at the age of thirty-two, been transferred to Constantinople, where, as the Governor of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, he

furnish.

virtually holds the pursestrings of the Turkish Empire, and controls the policy of the latter in the interest of the British Foreign Office. Another dainty specimen of blue-blooded Beatrice, and the future Duchess of Rutland. A year older than the Princess, her intimacy with the latter dates back to the days of her earliest childhood, much of which was spent at Windsor, where her father, the late Colonel Lindsay, whose ancestors were companions of King Robert Bruce of Scotland, held a confidential office in the Queen's household. Younger in years, though equally fair, is the Viscountess of Weymouth, whose birth twenty years ago as Violet Mordaunt gave rise to one of the most famous "causes celebres" of the century. Propably the most eloquent tribute to her beauty is the fact that Lord Weymouth's father, the Marquis of Bath, who is famed for his hauteur and ancestral pride, should have consented to the marriage, notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances of her birth. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more sweet and captivating face than that of Lady Aberdeen, hose glance and smile are sufficient to charm the most narrow-minded Tory into becoming a Home-Ruler, and who, during the Viceroyalty of her husband at Dublin when Mr. Gladstone was last in office, almost succeeded in obliterating from the minds of the Irish the memories of the bitter wrongs that they had suffered at the hands of England. A strikingly handsome woman who has inherited all the traditional good-looks-and also the length of sole-of the Herberts is Lady de Grey, wife of the eldest son and heir of the Marquis of Ripon, and sister of the Mr. Michael Herbert who married Miss Wilson, of this city, about a year ago. Lady de Grey, although barely thirty years of age, has lived much; her first experience of matrimony having been a marriage to the late Lord Lonsdale, one of the most revolting and depraved debauchees the present generation. Two years after becoming a widow, she was on the eve of contracting a second marriage with Sir Edgar Vincent. But the match was broken off at the very last moment on the discovery by that clever young financier that her jointure of £5,000 a year from the Lonsdale estates lapsed in the event of her remarriage, and that her debts amounted to eight or nine times that sum. Lord de Grey, her present husband, although less good-looking than bir Edgar, has the advantage, being exceedingly wealthy, very popular in both London and Continental society, and although the best all-round shot in England, extraordinarily near-sighted.

A more bewitching little Irish woman than wa Mrs. Cornwallis West ten years ago it is impossible to conceive. Exquisitely pretty, she was and for the matter of that still is, the very incarnation of mischief, a fact which need surprise no one when it is borne in mind that she'is the daughter of a parson, and of an Irish one to boot. It used to be absolutely impossible to remain serious or to preserve a grave demeanor in her mirth-provoking presence, and I shall never forget the commotion which she created at Madrid during the winter which she spent at the British Legation there with her husband's cousin, Lionel Sackville-West, now Lord Sackville. Even the most impassive and mournful-looking faces of the dignified Castilian hidalgos were forced to relax into a smile and sometimes even into a broad grin when brought into contact with the merry and surly-headed daughter of Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick. The Countesses of Dudley and Spencer, and the recently widowed Duchess of Manchester, though belonging to an earlier generation, still preserve traces of the beauty for which at the time of the Franco-German War they were famed ughout the courts and capitals of Europe. Although Lady Dudley has been frequently described as being nothing but a magnificent statue without the soul or intellect to match the out-

ward and visible form, yet the extraordinarily clever manner in which she managed her eccentric and half-demented husband, and her wonderful administration of his great fortune is a more than sufficient proof of the contrary, while the loving and motherly care which she devoted to the daughter of her misguided sister, Lady Mordaunt, speaks volumes for the kindness of her heart. Spenser's Faerie Queen" was the name which the Irish gave to the charming consort of the "Red Earl" during his Vicerovalty at Dublin, while Louise, Duchess of Manchester, who, on the expiration of her mourning, will probably reward the devotion of a lifetime by conferring her hand upon the Marquis of Hartington, affords a striking proof that the northern part of Germany occasionally produces women of almost matchless beauty and elegance, combined with sparkling

brilliancy and splendid intellect. With regard to France, it is far more difficult to cite the names of the leading beauties. For there is something so sparkling, so heady, and so what the French call grisant about the Parisienne, that one is apt to lose not only one's heart, but also one's head, and to be rendered incapable of forming any correct and unbiased judgment on the subject. Another reason, too, which makes it almost impossible to get any bona fide estimate of their perfection of face and figure is to be found in their extraordinary vivacity. They are forever on the move, and it is apparently beyond their power to remain quiet in one place and in a state of repose for more than two minutes together. They always remind me of the version of the creation of Eve current among the Arabs According to the latter Allah, after having removed the rib from the body of the sleeping Adam for the purpose of constructing therewith the mother of mankind, laid it on one side while he patched up the cavity in the side of the prostrate man. In the meantime a dog had happened to come along, and, finding the rib, had immediately proceeded to appropriate it. Just, however, as he was in the act of sneaking off, Allah became aware of the theft, and stretched out his arm to seize the delinquent. The Deity, lowever, only succeeded in catching hold of the dog's tail, which he grasped with such force that it remained in his hand, the animal meanwhile escaping with the rib. Not being inclined to start off in pursuit, Allah determined to make Canine talls are proverbially mobile; indeed, their motion only ceases with the decease caudal appendage was used by Allah as the groundwork for the formation of Eve that the Arabs attribute the impossibility on the part of women to remain quiet for more than a few minutes at a time.

Having thus placed on record the obstacles in the way of reaching any conclusion as to who are the most beautiful women of France, I think that I may venture to assert without danger of contradiction that it would be difficult to meet anywhere outside the pale of Mahomet's paradise four more adorable specimens of feminine loveliness than the Countesses de Kergarion, de Pracomtal de Chevigne, and de Salignac-Fenelon. The deep blue eves of Madame de Kergariou in particular are never to be forgotten by those who have had the privilege of meeting their gaze. Another equally charming type of the Parisienne of to-day is the young Comtesse de Greffulle, a daughter of the Prince de Chinay and a great-grandchild of the celebrated beauty Madame Talien. Witty, clever, and as graceful mentally as she is physically, she is one of the recognized leaders of society on the banks of the Seine, and exercises a potent sway in all matters pertaining to fashion, both in dress and The Comtesse Aimery de la Rochefoucauld, Madame Standish, and the Courtesse de Pourtales, nee de Bussiere, all three form part of an older generation, but retain sufficient traces of the marvellous beauty for which they were famed in the Napoleonic days to inspire one with feelings of regret at not having been born two or three decades earlier. The Comtesse de Pour tales in particular is known from one end of fashionable Europe to the other as "The Countess," her house in the Rue Trouchet at Paris is the trysting place of all that is most eminent and accomplished in the world, and she herself will certainly live in the pages of history as the most famous beauty and the most exquisit sample of the woman of the nineteenth century.

No greater contrast could be found than between the extreme vivaciousness and sparkle of loveliness is the young Marchioness of the Frenchwoman and the extraordinary indolence the great ladies appear to think that it is perfeetly sufficient to look beautiful, and that intellect, wit, or even ordinary education and accomplishments are entirely superfluous. It is impossible, for instance, to conceive a more exquisite type of Southern beauty than the Duche's Sforza Cesarini, who is a Colonna by birth. But one is bitterly disappointed to find that her mind is far from attaining the perfection of her playsique. and the impression which she leaves is that of a very commonpiace pebble mounted in a setting of exquisite workmanship and priceless value. The same may be said of the Princess Pallavicini who, although no longer in the first bloom of youth, is the living image of Raphael's F Fornarina," whom he idealized in his famous picture of the Madonna della Sezziola. Very lovely, too. is Queen Marguerite's lady in waiting, the Princess Medici d'Ottagano, a blond Neapolitan. Alsame lack of taste and elegance, and appears to be entirely deficient of any artistic sense.

No such repreach as this can be addressed to Donna Laura Minghetti, the widow of the Prime Minister of that name, and the niece of the celebrated Neapolitan Cardinal Acton. Her first hasband was the Sicilian Duke of Camporeale, who died a raving manine, and her son, the present Dake, is married to a Miss Binney, of Burlington, N. J. Madame Minghetti still retains many traces of a beauty which was of European fame, her superb black eyes having lost nothing of their lustre of yore. Unlike the majority of the Romans, she is petite rather than tall, and she differs from them too in the Parisian vivacity of her temperament, and in the brilliancy of her intellect, which has caused her salon at Rome to become the most attractive and interesting of the Eternal City. There is no talent which she does not possess in a marked degree, no accomplishment that has been neglected, and I have often been amused to watch the men in a salon desert all the young and opulent beauties of the Roman grand monde in order to flock round the piquant and attractive little grandmother, who reminds me of nothing so much as one of those exquisite figurines of Saxe porcelain. Much of her beauty has been transmitted to he daughter by her first marriage, whose charm and captivating grace are such that after having created an almost European scandal by eloping while Prussian Ambassadress at Dresden with her husband's secretary, she has, since her divorce from the former and her marriage to the latter, succeeded in recovering not only her position at court and in society, but even in obtaining the promotion of her present husband to one of the nost important diplomatic posts at one of the most exclusive of European courts, where she herself shines with undiminished brilliancy.

With regard to Portugal and Switzerland, the sex-I cannot conscientiously quality it with the word fair-is sufficiently unattractive to remind one of the fact that whereas the Holy Bible in describing the creation of the world takes the trouble to add the words "And God saw that it was good," at the close of each verse relating the manner in which He made everything animate and inanimate, it pointedly abstains from giving this expression of satisfaction on the part of the Almighty after He had completed the creation of woman. I shall never forget the night of my first arrival at Lisbon. A gala opera was taking place when I entered the Sao Carlos Theatre house was througed with the "fine flenr of Lisbon society. Having just come from Madrid, where beauty is so universal as to be positively at a discount, my gaze roamed from

tier to tier of the boxes and loges in search of an even ordinarily attractive-looking woman. But it was in vain. A more ill-favored lot of houris it has never been my misfortune to behold. Badly, nay, execrably dressed, with graceless figures, and complexions that savored of an inefficient liver and of an ignorance as to the purifying properties of soap and water, they presented a striking contrast to the men, who, though equally unclean, were all remarkably good looking. The aspect of the audience recalled to my mind in a peculiarly vivid manner those stanzas which Lord Byron wrote about the Lisboans in the early part of the century, and according to which:

The dingy effizens are reared in dirt.

No personage of high or mean degree

Doth care for cleanliness of surfort or of shirt.

Though spent with Egypt's piagues, unkempt, unwashed, unhurt.

Indeed, the only glimmer of feminine beauty that I could discover anywhere in the house was in a box the solitary occupant of which was a Spanish demi-mondaine of mature yearsand she had a glass eye. Switzerland is fully on a par with Portugal as far as the homeliness of its women is concerned. Nature seems to have taken so much trouble to beautify the scenery that she had no power or inclination left to do anything for the Swiss women. When one gazer upon the latter it begins to dawn upon one's mind why it is that Switzerland has always been the principal stronghold of the bitterest foes of the Roman Catholic Church. For however in the world is it possible to expect of men that they should pay homage and worship at the shrine of the Holy Virgin, when their ideal of feminine beauty is of so very restricted a character? Under the circumstances, it is hardly fair to blame the Helvetians for being such rabid Calvinists. It was during a holiday tour in Switzerland that the popular German poet Hoffmann composed his famous poem, which begins:

Die Weiber sind die grosste Zier der Erden Ich mein, alsdann wenn sie hineingeleget werden. Women are the greatest ornament of the earth, I mean when they are laid into it.

The most curious feature about the Swiss women is that far from being in any way conscious of their lack of beauty, they are convinced that their charms are of so overpoweringly attractive a nature that it is necessary to the peace of mind of the male sex that they should the best of a bad job, and to utilize the dog's make some effort to conceal them. With this tail in lieu of Adam's rib for the construction of object in view the women of the German cantons completely flatten their bust-not a difficult taskwith a kind of papier-mache board, extending of their wearers, and it is to the fact that a dog's from below the waist to almost a level with the chin. This they call a "Keuschheits Brettli" -that is, "a board of modesty."

Nowhere on the face of the globe is it possible to see so many bewitchingly lovely women assembled together as at one of the Ball bei Hof, at the Imperial Palace of Vienna. These entertainments differ from the ordinary court balls in that they are of a far more exclusive nature, and restricted to the members of the oldest aristocracy, no one belonging to the so-called official society being invited. Pre-eminent in grace and beauty are Ilona, Countess Bathyany, a daughter of the lamented statesman Count Andrassy, and the young Princess of Montenuovo, who is a daughter of one of the innumerable Count Kinskys. Countess Ilona's wealth of rippling golden brown hair seems almost too heavy a burden to bear for so shapely a small head, while her large and expressive gray eyes, fringed with long black silky eyelashes, are enough to damn a saint. Equally attractive the week he proposed again, and was again rejected, is the wife of Prince Alfred of Montenuovo, whose kinship to the Imperial family is marred by a ber sinister. His father, Prince William, who now insure and confined in the celebrated lumatic asylum at Doebling. is the son of the Archduchess Marie Louise, Empress of the French and second wife of Napoleon I Prince William was unfortunately born just six Mme. June I. What happened while he was gardener with months anterior to the death at St. Helena of the exiled Emperor, his father being the principal words to a Tribine reporter, who found him sitting Chamberlain of Marie Louise, the one-eyed Field on the plazza of his cosey home recently: Marshal Count Neipperg. As soon as the news arrived of the decrase of Napoleon, the ex-Empress at once proceeded to legalize her relations with the Count by marriage. While the Neipperg family expressed great satisfaction at the honor conferred by the alliance, they resolutely declined to recognize or to regard as legitimate the child born nize or to regard as legitimate the disgusted say, anterior to the welding. Exceedingly disgusted say. beyond his power to force them to yield on a subject in which they considered the honor of announced his intention of personally taking charge of the little nameless bey—who, though illegitimate, was his grandson—and of caring for his fature. time-honored name, Emperor Francis invested him with the style and dignity of Count and Prince of Montenuovo-a piece of malice almost worthy of Machiavelli, since Montenaovo is, after all, nothing but the Itshan translation of the word Neipherg. Prince Alfred Montenuovo, who spent some time in the United States fourteen years ago, is a singularly handsome man, whose face es pegially when a last bore a most striking resem blance to his grandmother, the Empress Marie Louise. The young Princess, his wife, has in-herited from the Kinskys all the traditional love of horses of the latter, and is not only a superb rider, but moreover owns a very success-ful racing stable, which she personally superintends. Another very charming and attractive young married woman is Countess Clothilde Festeties, the youngest daughter of the Countess though more lively and active than the majority | Clam Gallas. The salon of the latter is one of of her countrywomen, yet she dresses with the the most delightful social centres of Vienna, and her Friday night receptions during the season, although exceedingly exclusive, are attended by everybody who forms part of that which the English comedian Toole designates as the "hupper crust." To omit putting in an appearance during the season even if only for a few minutes at the Friday evenings of the "Clams," as they are familiarly termed, would be regarded in the light of a breach of the social code. At the receptions of Madame de Clam Gallas, as at those of he sister, Princess Dietrichstein Nicolsburg, whose husband was a kinsman of Queen Victoria's Prince Consort, fair faces abound, and as the Metternichs, the Schwartzenbergs, the Auersbergs, the Esterbazys, the Rosenbergs and the Furstenbergs are all related to one another, everybody calls every one else by his or her Christian name. Possessed of all the animation and grace, though not of the elegance of the Parisienne, the blueblooded beauties of the great world at Vienna are entirely free from any suspicion of pose or artificiality. Much of their captivating charm is due to their natural and unaffected manner and character. Their minds are as untrammelled as their willowy yet voluptuous figures from any suspicion of artificial restraint, and they make no pretence of concealing the fact that their one object in life is gayety. In their pursuit of pleasure they are unhampered by any apprehensions of the qu'en dira-t-on of the world, for they are convinced that nothing short of crime can deprive them of the social privileges of their caste. Probably the most striking instance of this complete disregard for the opinion of the world is the Princess Pauline Metternich, now the most charming and trisky of grandmothers, who, notwithstanding her mature age, is still as ready as in days gone by to sing a cafe chantant ballad or to play some mischievous schoolboy prank. Although she has been guilty of the most extraordipary extravagances of conduct, and has done the most unheard of things, yet she has never al-

eroise so potent a sway over men both at home and abroad. Russian women are the most dan gerous of all the fair sex to our peace of mind, and as their whims and caprices are usually unrestricted by any such impediment as scruples, they more often than not make fools of those whom we are accustomed to regard as the clever est of men. Of course there comes a time when the Muscovite Circe, baving accomplished her end, has no further use for us and casts us aside like a squeezed orange. It is then that we are tempted to proclaim the truth of Victor Hugo's assertion with he declared that dolls are the play-things of children, children the playthings of man, man the plaything of woman, and woman the plaything of the devil. AN EX-DIPLOMAT.

HE SAW A ROMANTIC WEDDING

A WITNESS OF THE BURR-JUMEL WEDDING STILL LIVING

THE BRILLIANT PROFLIGATE WOULD NOT BE REBUFFED-AFTER BEING REJECTED AT THE

AGE OF SEVENTY-EIGHT HE BROUGHT A

CLERGYMAN AND WON HIS BRIDE. The romantic marriage of Aaron Burr when when he was seventy-eight years old and Mme. Eliza Jumel, sixty years old, was the last act In the tragic life of this brilliant, passionate man a Vice-President of the United States and the murderer of Alexander Hamilton. From the pinacle of political power he became for a time an outcast and a wanderer upon the face of the earth and the drop curtain of death fell on September 14, 1836, and so closed a life which eneded in lonliness and neglect in a little village on Staten Island.

In spite of the sameness as a rule of all love affair.

and woolings it certainly cannot be said that the inci-dents leading up to the marriage of Aaron Eurr and Mme. Jumel were like those of any other court-hip on record. Burr was born in Newark, N. J., on Feb. ruary 6, 1756. He was graduated from Princeton and then studied law. When the Revolution broke out h joined the Continental army as a private, but was soon promoted for bravery on the battlefield. When in-dependence was secured Burr entered politics and was elected to Congress. He was then the opponent, in 1800, of Jefferson for President and each received the same number of votes in the Electoral College, but Jefferson was chosen by the House of Representatives and Burr became Vice-President. It was soon after his term as Vice-President ended that he entered politics again in New York, quarrelled with Alexander Hamilton and shot him in a duel. Burr, ostracised by New-York society, conceived the idea of establishing an empire in the southwest, and so bought 400,000 acres of land in what was then Louisiana but he was arrested by Federal officers and arraigned for treason in Richmond, Va., in 1:07. He was,

however, acquitted.

For several years after his trial he wandered about Enrope, but finally settled in New York and took up the practice of law again. He was a good lawyer, a brilliant speaker and a fa-cluating man, but was undersized, passionate and dissipated, and so make friends and unmade them again.

Madame Jumel was the widow of stephen Jumel.

who was one of the merchant princes of New York, and she lived in a handsome house on Washington Heights where One hundred and sixty second st. and St. Nicholas ave. and Tenth ave. now meet. It is said that was in love with Mme. Jumel, but they parted and did not meet for thirty years, and three days after their meeting again he proposed and was refused. Within would bring a clergyman with him, and he did

marriage new living, and this person is Jacob Fried, of No. 520 East Eighty second st. Mr. Fried, who is a bale and hearty old man of eighty four years, waborn in havaria in 150st, and came to this countrin 1502, and at once got a situation as gardener with

-I well remember Mr. Lurr's first visit to Mme Jumel. He drove up from the city to see her about some one for the gog, and so I was sent. When I came back he gave me 50 cents, saving: Jacob, thou art an honest flad.' Mr. Eurr was a little man, with

often, and within a fortnight he drove up one evening with a derryman. None of us about the house had the least idea that he was coing to marry Mme. Jumel signed the marriage contract as witnesses, and I guess I am the only person living who saw Aaron Burr

" After the ceremony all the servants went down into the big kitchen and Madame sent down several bottles of wine for us to make merry with, and we did so while drinking her bealth. Madame told me after ward that Mr. Burr had been an old beau of hers thirty veurs before.

The westing trip of the pair was to Hartford in a travelling carriage and I was the driver. When we got there Madame sold some property and cave the money to Mr. Burr. After we got back home Madame wanted Mr. Barr. After we got have none sharane warder.
Mr. Barr to get her some new Borses and a carriage out of the money she had given him in Hartford to keep for her, but he had spent it all and so there was a quarrel and that was the start.

"Madame had a bad temper, and one time she wanted me to put her Irish maid out of the house,

wanted me to put her Irish maid out of the house, but I did not want to, because she her! three big brothers working on the piace, so Madame took her by the throat and pitched her out of the room. But she didn't dare do anything like this to her husband. In fact, she was afraid of him after they lad quarrefled and she would run and hide when she saw him coming to the house, and one she told me to take all the chairs and of these in the parior and leek them up in some other proon, so that when Mr. Burr came to see her he could not sh down and so would not stay

high -1 left her in about a year and went to work for ever Lordhard, in his tobacco factory, in Wooster , in this city. This was over fifty years ago, and have worked for him ever since until I was hearly eighty years old.

The island is much changed since the time when I

eights years old.

"The bland is much changed since the time when I first knew it in 1832. Then there was only one road to Harlem and that was the post road."

Mr. Fried is now living with his married daughter, but he does not copflip himself to the house, but travels about a good deal. He is in the possession of all his faculties and promises to carry to the generations of the twentieth century the reminiscences of Revolutionary days and the times of the makers of newly bitters.

early history.

The sequel to the marriage of Aaron Burr and Mrs.
Junel was the divorce court and misery.

DISTRESSING MISHAP AT A FUNERAL

From The Baltimore Sun.

The section of flooring over the baptistry in the Pikesville Paptist Church gave way vesterilay morning while the funeral of Mrs. Sarah E. Dorsey was in progress and came very near creating a panic. The church was crowded at the time. The pall beavers conveved the coffin into the church and up the centre aisle to place it upon the stands before the chancel rail. One of the pall beavers noticed that one of the stands was not straight, and called the attention of Thomas McDanlels, who had charge of the funeral, to it. As he attempted to put if right the section of the floor upon which the pall-beavers were standing gave way, and the coffin two of the pail beavers. Mr. McDanlel and a daughter of the dead woman fell through. Two of the pall beavers happened to be on a solid portion of the flooring and caught hold of the chancel rail, and in this way prevented the ceilin from falling entirely to the bottom of the baptistry. Many persons crowded around, and others thinking that the entire church was about to fall down, rushed but the entire church was about to fall down, rushed that the entire church was about to fall down, rushed for the doors. The elegyman who was conducting the funeral and Mr. Me and manazed to quiet those present, after which the coffin and those in the baptistry were extricated from the timicers and the coffin was taken outside the church. Mr. Wagner was the only person injured. He was badly brulsed and had his shoulder dislocated. After quiet was restored the casket was again brought in and the services gone through with. The interment was in the churchyard.

ANCIENT SHOP SIGNS.

lowed her eccentricities to degenerate into anything approaching vulgarity, and has known how to encauntiler herself with such an amount of native dignity that there has never been any suspicion of abasement or moral degradation.

Although there are some strangely beautiful women in the society of the northern capital of Russia, such as, for instance, Princess Nelly Bariatinski, Madame Tolstoi, the young Countess Shouvaloff, and a number of others, yet it is by the originality and brilliancy of her intellect, by the subtle magnetism and by the piquant mixture of Asiatic grace and European elegance that the schoolmaster.

ANCIENT SHOP NIGNS.

ANCIENT SHOP NIGNS.

It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to assert that in our State there are not ten men born within the Commonwealth, of New-England parents, who cannot read and write. It seems no risk to expend the not ten men

A MUSICAL PILGRIMAGE.

IV.

THE ROMANCES OF THURINGIA.

WARTBURG AND HOERSELBERG-THE SCENES OF TANNHABUSER'S ADVENTURES-

> LEGENDS CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN. FROM A STAFF CORBESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE

Eisenach, in Thuringia, July 31.

The Pilgrim wishes to confess to a fiction in the date-line of this letter. It is within nearly a month after the time set down, and on the shore of Lake Lucerne. Exactly why the letter should begin with a lie and an apology might be hard to explain. No very pressing reason occurs to the writer. Necessity does not urge it. Rather vaguely the thought presents itself that association of ideas prompted the performance, and an equally indeterminate sense of poetical propriety perhaps. It may be, t o, that back tit there is only a whim-a notion that it looks nice to have the date-lines in a serial record of a pilgrimage whose purposes were often afterthoughts serve as milestones of the Pilgrim's peregrinations. Indisposition or laziness, or some related feeling, discourages investigation further than that. It is one of the beauties of travel in Europe that if you start out to look at a castle, cathedral or bit of lovely nature, to look and enjoy and nothing

more, nine times out of ten you find yourself

contemplating that castle, cathedral or natural

picture in the romantic light which some chapter in history or some old legend has thrown around it. This is why your true lover of travel resents restorations and rejuvenations. They may not mar the picture, but they weight the wings of his imagination with their suggestions of to-day. The l'ilgrim went to Thuringia to loaf among its natural beauties; with little thought of renewing old acquaintances and less of making new ones; but wherever he turned amiable spectres of the past confronted him and offered their companionship on a journey into the friry land of Thuringian romance. So it was in Weimar, where the thousand and one things associated with the poets who gave Germany its Augustan Age forced the town of the pitiful present out of mind, and conjured up instead the httle capital of a century ago, in the twilight of whose glory the modern town still lives. So it was, too, in Eisenach, where the monument to Bach in the market place, the modest house at the end of Butchers' Lane in which that musical giant was born, the other house hard by, in which it is said Luther lived as a lad with Frau Cotta, and the Wartburg, that central jewel of the whole Thuringian coronet, opened vistas to the intellectual eye even more entrancing than the lovely hills and valleys which compass

those objects about.

A wonderful place is that same old Wartburg despite, perhaps partly because of, its perfect restoration. An eloquent object lesson to those who wish to study the warfare, political institutions, and domestic economy of the Middle Azes; a holy place for the devout Protestant, who can enter the room inhabited by Luther while he masqueraded in public as Junker George, and in private shaped the lever with which he accomplished his great labor of emancipating the enslayed intellect of German 2 a speaking place to the literary student who knows that the classic German language was born there with Luther's Bible; a fascinating place for the lovers of romance and song, whose fancy; stimulated by memories of Wagner's operas and the splendid frescors of Moritz von Schwind, can easily people the hall of minstrelsy with the kingjuly tigares of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walter von der Vorzlweide. Tannhaeuser and their knightly figures of Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogelweide, Tannhaeuser and their tuneful companions. The restoration of the old eastle has been made in a rare spirit of reverence and nothing obtrudes the nineteenth century upon one's notice except the harboring of a beer soloon within the castle walls, the traffickers in pictures and souvenirs, the man who sells you tickets and asks you for your umbrella, and the ravages of the modern toufist. Luther's room was left untouched when the restorations were made, but it is doubtful if he would recognize it now, nevertheless. Prous thieves have carried away the famous ink-spot to the depth of an inch and a half and whittled at the doughty old warrior's writing table until one has to guess at its original shape. It would doubtless all be gone by this time if it had not been bound with a wrought-iron

faith. The Pilgrim has no confidence in his

to compose aphoristis, and probably if that is one some one has uttered it before; but the sights and associations of the Wartburg and its neighborhood prompt the reflection in one who has often thought of the difficulties provided for native American music by the paucity of our country in suggestive legends and legendary spots. The European artist has only to go to the theatres of the lovely old stories of chivalry and romance to have faith kindled anew and imagination fired atresh. It may not be the simple religious faith of a few centuries ago, but it will at least be an ! emotion capable of keeping his fancy from falling utterly asleep. The Pilgrim offers his own case in evidence. Flinty-hearted criticism has sought to expange William Tell from the history of Switzerland; even Bacdecker has abandoned him to the limbo peopled by mythical creations (not a bad heaven, some will think. But I glance upward while I write and, lo: the greensward of the Ruetli, the little spot where Tell's companions took the oath to the their country from the Austrian oppressor, smiles on me in the sunlight from the opposite shore. Last night I rowed down to the wild spot, now marked by a pretty chapel in which mass is said once a year, where the rugged patriot leaped ashore from Gessler's boat, and looked up reverently to the houry-headed peak of Uri-Rothstock. The old fellow wrapped a cloud veil about his face and scorged to tell of the scenes which had been enacted at his feet nearly six centuries ago, but even as I looked the national here of Switzerland took life again in my admiration ito the confusion of the historical image-breakers, and every drop of old Swiss blood in my veins and all the never American blood, too, tingled at the thought of the glorious buttles for liberty which these Alps have witnessed. The critics, by-the-way, have as little hurt the belief of the Swiss people in William Tell as yesterday's douds hurt I ri-Rothstock; they are raising money for a monument to him in Altdorf at this blessed minute, and if the landlord leaves a franc in the Pilgrim's purse at the end of this visit it shall go into that patriotic fund. "Faith without works is dead," and the Pilgrim is willing to do at least a franc's worth of works in this old country sanctified by its love of liberty." It may be that the evidences of the Ruetli, the

Tell Chapel near Fluellen and the intention of the Swiss people to put up another monument, do not make out a case against the critics who deny that the bold archer ever lived. The Pilgrim is not going to urge that it does; but they prove the existence of a good enough Tell for the purposes of art. At any rate, the burden of proof How dull and unromantic travel would be if the tales which vitalize it were all to be judged by the rules of evidence that prevail in our court-rooms! That chief and father of modern travelling correspondents. Heinrich Heine, relates somewhere that once he applied at a museum to see the offspring of a pike and a rabbit, which was advertised among its curiosities. The obliging showman told him that the fruit of that startling misalliance was Just at that moment too ill to be exhibited; but he showed Heine the pike and also the rabbit, to vouch for the truthfulness of his advertisement. I do not remember whether Heine carped at the proof or accepted it; if the former, I have an idea that the shinbone of a saint would never have driven a single bacillus out of his system though he had worn it like an amulet about his neck for a month. As for me, I have convinced myself that for artistic purposes, Thuringia affords proof of the correctness of the story which Swinburne sang in his "Laus Veneris," and Wagner glorifled in the opera whose scene is laid in and about

Eisenach. I have stood in the hall of minstrelay where the famous singing-match took place. In the old Municipal Library at Nuremberg I unearthed a manuscript attested by an old mastersinger as containing a melody composed by Heinrich von Efterdingen, otherwise Tannhaeuser, and as no mastersinger of Nuremberg other than Sixtus Beckmesser was ever known to lie, that document ought to settle the disputed question whether such a minstrel knight as Tannhaeuset ever lived. If he did not live how could he have composed the melody in my portfolio? and if he didn't compose it, who did? But more and beyond and above all that, I have seen and explored the very cave in which Tannhaeuser lived with his fair enslaver. I may not approve of Venus's choice of a dwelling, and may hereafter give suggestions to scene-painters touching a necessary remodelling of the grotto which figures in the first act of Wagner's opera, but I shall have to bear testimony evermore that the cave is not a figment of the imagination, and that its existence and the Wartburg's and the melody in my portfolio are so many proofs of the truthfulness of the old story of Tannhaeuser and Venus. It was a little disturbing to find that Venus had moved and taken all the reseate light with her, and that the ballet with which she entertained her lover must have been cramped for space, but such facts need not darken the main issue. The cave is there, right in the Hoerselberg, where the story says it is, and if Venus didn't use to live in it, who did? So long as the imagination of mankind has

left a record of its activities here the cave in

the Hoerselberg has been the scene of strange

goings-on. Fantastic writers long ago said that

the mountain itself resembles a coffin, but I

have never been good at seeing resemblances, and the mountain didn't look like a coffin to menot much more than the constellations of stars look like the animals they are named atter. I can see the Big Dipper, but not the Great Bear. But something, either the shape of the mountain or the loneliness of the cave, or the eloquence of some primeval teller of ghost stories, made the cave upon the Hoerselberg the fountainhead of Thuringian legend. Before Christianity came to reconstruct the old stories it was the home of Dame Holda, or Holle, and the horde that used to go tearing on a wild rout through the German torests in the Yuletime. Dame Holle, like many another character in Teutonio mythology, was a benignant creature, whose blessing brought fruitfulness to fields and vineyards, before the Christian priests metamorphosed her into a thing of evil. She was the mother of all the fays and fairies that followed in the train of the Wild Huntsman, and though she appeared sometimes as a seductive siren and tempted wanderers to their destruction, she appeared oftener as an old woman, who rewarded acts of kindness with endless generosity. After priestly sermons had transformed her into a beauteous she-devil she still kept up her residence in the cave, which now in turn rook on a new character. Venturesome people who got near its mouth, either purposely or by accident, told of strange noises which issued from it, like the rushing of waters or the voice of a subterranean wish to study the warfare, political institutions, and domestic economy of the Middle Azes; a holy etymology to fit the new state of things. The

of venus and the glories and pleasures of the Cave of Venus and eterred by the awful tales of the monks and priests. From them we know many wondrous things concerning the appearance of the interior, the cave's inhabitants and their merry-rottimes, which is a many the cave in the c interior, the cave's inhabitants and their merrymakings which have never been disclosed to the
vulgar eye. Knight Adelbert of Thoringia was
one of those who experienced the delights of the
Cave, yet unlike Tannhaeuser, in the original
legend, was saved at last. He met faithful Eckhart at the mouth of the cave, who warned him
not to cuter, but entraneing music sounded within and he was powerless to resist. He entered,
Three mandens came forward to meet him. They
were airily clad, flowers were twisted in their
brown locks and they, waved branches before
them as they smiled and beckoned and sang a
song of Spring's Awakening (for Hobia is the goddess of Spring as well as Love. What could Sir
Adelbert do but follow, when they glanced coyly
over their white shoulders and led the way
through a narrow passage into a garden surrounded with rose bushes in bloom and filled with hape. It would doubtless all be gone by this ime if it had not been bound with a wrought-iron goop.

Imagination is the spul of art and the child of warden-haired maidens, lovelier than the flowers, which would be a spul of art and the child of the rese-bedged about hand and sang with sirens' voices." In the middle of the rese-bedged and a red gate, which bore in

this legend: HERE DAME VENUS HOLDS COURT.

garden stood a red gate, which bore in gold letters this leaend:

HERE DAME VENUS Helds COURT.

The gatekeeper was the fairest of the maidens and her fingers were busy weaving a garland of roses, but she stopped her work long enough to smile a welcome to Sir Adelbert. He thanked her gallantiy and queried: Was the pretty sight a May day celebration? Replaced the winsome gatekeeper: "Here Dame Venus holds court in homor of the noble knight Sir Tannhaenser"; and she opened the gate and Adelbert entered. Within he beheld a gay tent pitched in a grove of flowering shrubs, and out of it emerged a bequieous creature and advanced toward him. Would you know how she was chad? Her tobe was rose-colored, adorned with strings of pearls and testeoned with tragrant blossoms. A crown which glistened with gates rested lightly on her head. In her right hand, a dainty hand, she carried a tiny kerchief of filmy white stuff embroidered with gold, and in her left a lute. She sat herself down on a golden chair, bent her head over her left shoulder. A dreamy, tender light came into her eyes and her rosy fingers sought, the strings of her lute—the strings of gold. Would she sing? Just then one of her maidens approached her, lisped musically into her ear and pointed to the approaching Knight. Almost imperceptibly, but oh? so graciously the lips of the vision moved. As if in obedience to a command the maiden approached and said in rhythmical endence: "Greeting, Sir Knight, from Dame Venus, who sends you message that all who love agaming and fair women are welcome at her court." She gave him her hand to escort him, and when the Knight approached a golden horn filled to the brim with wine and handed it to the Knight. Empty the golder like a true Knight, to the health of all fair women who love and are beloved," cried the Queen. Sir Adelbert smiled obscience: "To Love, fair Lady," he said, and drank the wine at a dranght, And thus he became a captive and a slave. Long did he sojourn within the haagic realm, in loving dalliance with Venus

Washington Letter in The Savannah News.

One day when Mr. Blaine was President Garfield'a chief adviser he was seared in company with several gentlemen who had come together by chance. The conversation was of a social nature and reminiscences prevailed. Something reminded Mr. Blaine of an experience which he proceeded to relate with all the interesting details. He had not gone far when one of his friends left the room and sent an attendant to call the secretary out. In the hallway the friend said:

"Are you not aware that there are two newspaper men in that room?"

"Of course, I am," answered Mr. Blaine.

"Well, do you want to see this conversation in print?" Washington Letter in The Savannah News.

print?"

"Non-ense!" said the Secretary: "they won't print a word of it," and he returned and took up his story where it had been interrupted. At the close of it, when he had had into-the wide open, he simply said, with a smile! "I needn't say that no part of this is for publication."

smile: "I needn't say that no part of this is for publication."

Not a word of it was ever printed, though one of the authority conscienceless in such matters.

It is also one of Mr. Blaine's practices never to make a man promise that he will not publish a story, the merely tells him it is not for publication, or, as in the case of correspondents who have enjoyed his confidence, he takes for granted that they will not pushish any part of a private conversation without inst receiving his expressed permission to do so. Nor are these confidences reserved for correspondents of appers friendly to him. In major than one case those who have closest to him are in the employ of papers which loss no opportunity to hit him a lick, and in some cases he confides in men who persistently write against him and his plans. As one of his political friends puts it;